

PS

3503

U763B6

1915



A Book
of • •
Poems

H. O. BUSH and
M. C. STEARNS



Class PS 3503

Book 4763 B6

Copyright N^o 1915

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

A
BOOK *of* POEMS

BY
H. O. BUSH
M. C. STEARNS



COPYRIGHT
BY
H. O. BUSH
M. C. STEARNS

PS 3503
U 763 B 6
1915

The Lakeside Press
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
CHICAGO

✓
DEC 22 1915

©CL.A 418149

720.11

A Wind, a Cloud, a Little Rain

I

A wind, a cloud, a little rain,
Makes everything seem blue;
A little sun heals up the pain
And makes the world again ring true.

II

A look, a word, an angry note,
Makes all the world seem black;
A pride, that rises in the throat,
May keep a friend from coming back.

III

A grudge that's nurs'd for many years
Becomes a quality engrained;
Springs prejudice from angry tears;
Then all true happiness is feigned.

IV

So lay aside that little pain;
Forget all past; the present's fine;
Forget the wind, the cloud, the rain,
And open to the glad sunshine.

M. C. S.

The Eagle

I watch an eagle
Soaring high,
With pinions poised,
It seems to fly
So easily,
Ceaselessly,
In the sky.
And up and up,
In spiral rings,
Floating up,
Nor moves its wings,
So easily,
Ceaselessly,
It swings
In the sky.
A move below,
And then it dips,
And death will go
Where talon grips;—
So easily,
Ceaselessly,
Death slips
From the sky.

H. O. B.

Heart, oh my heart,
When the Summer is over,
Does joy too depart
With the sweet scented clover?

Love, oh my love,
When the last rose has blown
Like the skies change above,
Will all love too have flown?

Friend, oh my friend,
With the leaves falling fast,
Must all friendship end,
Prove but dust too, at last?

H. O. B.

Oh, the rain-soaked waste
And the sodden sky,
The landscape erased,
A blur to the eye,
The smell of fish
By the dead air bore,
The long waves' swish
On the distant shore,
The damp
That penetrates the bone,
One pale lamp
In the firmament shown,
Restless and throning
Tho'ts that pressed,
An infinite longing
Just for rest;
Weary feet
At the water's edge,
Lips that meet
And ask no pledge,
A spirit that craves
The unknown shore. . . .
And the sound of waves
Again, as before.

H. O. B.

The End

Ambition in life:
We will win or we'll die!
As tho' 'twere our mission,
We spur to the strife;
And life in derision
Re-echoes the call:
There's no goal for striving,
But death for us all.

Love?
Men will sacrifice life
When they love;
The equal of life then,
Perhaps, or above;
But love may both sweetness
Or bitterness lend,
And love's goal — is more love?
Or how does it end?

Fame?
Fame is more lasting
When love and life cease,
Continues for ages,
May even increase.
Yes, fame is more lasting,
It's goal we'll say then —
Is death? When forgotten
By others? — or when?

H. O. B.

To know thyself, he said, has been command,
Perhaps in every age, in every land,
And I am not the first or yet the last
To heed it and to judge my fellow men
As my own self, believing all are cast
From one same clay. But could I start again —
By some strange alchemy, erase all tho't,—
And then begin anew my living, naught
Would e'er induce me thus again to grope,
With prying fingers, in my mind and heart,
To weigh each grief, or size and try each hope,
To sample, analyze, and pick apart,
And make my own emotions thus a test
Of all men hold disinterested, best.
And this is now my curse, he said, that tho
The thief who sought my purse, I tried to save;
The man who had maligned, I sought to know;
Or, if to all mankind, I freely gave
My time, my thot, my life, to lessen pain,
I still would feel my strife was but for gain
And that it brought my mind a fair return;
It pleased me to be kind and so I tried
And had it pleased me more, I had been stern;
Perhaps the pay it bore and could not hide
Was self-esteem or pride or gratitude —
What matter if their promise but delude.
Oh, could I once — just once — all free of gain,
Accomplish one disinterested act,
I'd feel my confidence in man, now slain,
Return, and life regain what it has lacked.

H. O. B.

Wanderlust

Oh! to go, go, go,
Like the rivers onward flow,
Ever on, on, on,
Free of care.

Oh! to go, go, go,
Like clouds unceasing blow,
Ever on, on, on,
Heedless where.

North, south, east, or west . . .
Just to go, who cares for rest,
Ever on, on, on,
To do or dare.

Ever moving, ever pressed,
Like birds migrating leave their nest,
Ever on and on, and free
As mountain air.

H. O. B.

The Storm

See! in the north
How the dark clouds have gathered
Up from the ground,
All the far sky is lathered
With billows of blackness
That grow as they rise,
And darker and darker,
Light fades from the skies.

How quiet it is!
Now the wind softly whispers and dies
And the world barely breathes,
'Till again swell the whispering sighs to a
breeze . . .
And puff after puff of cold air,
As they chill
Sweep the leaves and the dust
From the ground, as they mill,
'Till it's bare.

Then the warp of the blackness
Is split with jagged light,
And the first faint crackling thunder
Sharply crashes into might,
Peals and peals,
And rumbles, . . . rumbles, . . .
'Till it ends in muttering grumbles,
And the storm clouds drop their burden,
Torrents flooding all the night.

H. O. B.

The Wave

How the heavy waters surge,
Receding slowly as they merge;
Gathering, growing, sweep along,
Racing on with roar of song;
Each wave running as tho' pressed,
And one topping all the rest,
Rolling, swelling,
Larger welling,
Till it topples, leans and crashes,
Smashes, splashes,
Spraying light
Foamy white,
Fall and rise
Grows and dies
On the shore,
Is no more.

H. O. B.

In the Sun

Oh let me feel the welcome sun!—
Absorb its heat, no gold I'd won
Could bring more happiness to me,
Nor all things other, dearer be.
When heads of barley ripened lean
To farmersmen, what can all else mean?
And I'd be gatherer as well,
Of that which none can buy or sell,
It's tender rays, whose warmth I feel
On head and hands, and thro' they steal,
'Till hearts are thrilled, each fiber hums,
Endless peace, contentment comes;
I understand the kitten's purr,
The stretching claws, the rising fur,
More happiness would overflow,
More blessedness no man could know.

H. O. B.

There's always a storm brewing 'bove us,
Ready to break with it's fury and crush us;
Whether or not we surrender to it,
Depends alone on how we view it.

Some see only the approaching storm,
And, long before it reaches, tremble with alarm;
They live, expectant of its frightful harm,
And suffer all its torments, ere it come.

Some view the storm as a day's event,
And look for its break any moment;
And, disregarding the victims it has rent,
Hide under another's protecting tent.

The storm, some never see — they jest
And do not even know it's there;
You tell them of its awful harvest —
Above the clouds they live and do not care.

The others know the storm is here,
And bear it as best they can — heads bowed;
They suffer mortal pain, with tear
See blue beyond the rain and storm cloud.

M. C. S.

Sad, Lonesome Day

Sad, lonesome day, drear'st of my life;—
Oppressed by thots I dare not tell

That weigh me down and run me rife;
That blurr my Hope in Future's well.

I recollect the Past and try within to peer.
What find I there to give me cheer?

Nothing! No, nothing do I see there,
Which can stand as a step to that goal

I hold as my Ideal. Onward, do I dare —
Thro' Life's long journey till He take the toll?

Yes, onward I must! But, while I march and
pray,

I want your help;— Oh say not nay!—

But send a tender word to gladden my sad day.

M. C. S.

Memory

Do you recall the day when you and he
Were passing by, I called, and how we three
Sat there so long together in the swing,
We talked of this and that,— just anything;—
And when you rose to go, you pressed your cheek
Against my hand, and then again your arm,
And you were all unconscious of the harm.
'Twas long ago,— perhaps I only dreamed,—
But ever since that day my hand has seemed
Dissatisfied, resenting common strife,
As tho' it had been graced with fairer life;
Had glimpsed a heaven, as it were, and then,
Deprived of it, would fain return again.

H. O. B.

Verses to Julia

I wonder what you think of me,
Perhaps you like me, but you say,
“It’s not sincere, this poetry.”
Perhaps you disapprove and say,
“He thinks I’m just a form of wax
To drape his verses on, the way
That coats are hung on hall-tree racks.”

They say that artists with a name
Can take a subject, anything
That meets the eye, and give such fame
To it, as others could not bring
To nature’s fairest scenery,
But I have no such art, and so
I’ve thought if I could make folks see
The pictures, as they come and go,
Revolving thro’ my mind,— of you,
That I’d accomplish something too.

My brain is all upheaval,
My tho'ts are in a whirl,
And, if you'd know the evil,
It's all about a girl.
'Twas on July the second,
We met — this girl and I;
We parted — I have reckoned,
The tenth of same July.
At first, 'twas Phil's love rent her,
Then "Al" she favored so,
And where did my part enter?
That's what I'd like to know.

Maiden with the eyes of blue,
Those eyes that thrilled me thro' and thro',
Maiden with the blooming cheeks
From which one roguish dimple peeks,
Maiden with the gleaming hair
I longed to touch but did not dare,
Maiden with the sunny smile
So friendly and so free of guile.
Altho' I've tried so many ways
No words of mine can tell your praise.

Julia says, it's wrong to paint,
But Julia (roguish little saint)
Has cheeks that put the rose to scorn,
That art could never hope adorn;
And Julia's lips are wondrous red,
And so I smiled at her and said,
I'm sure it must be very wrong,—
But Julia's lashes are so long
I know not if she saw me smile,
I could not see her eyes the while,
But watched the dimple in her cheek
So shyly playing hide and seek.
And ah, I thought, with cheeks so fair,
Such charming eyes and pretty hair,
What girl would not think rouge a sin!
For what advantage could it win?

In my dreams we sat together,
And you were angry with me,
And we talked about the weather,
The sky, the clouds, and the sea;
But my heart was filled with longing,
And what did they matter then,—
The clouds and the buoy-bell gonging,—
If only you'd smile again.

How still it is, the stars, how bright,
A million of them fill the night.
To overflow; so near somehow —
(I wonder if she's sleeping now.)
And that's the north star's steady glow;
Yes, there's the Dipper proves it so.
(Her eyes were blue, so blue they thrilled
So warmly tender if she willed.)
That tiny star above the bend,
There's two they tell me, but they blend
And seem as one (Blue flowers are best.
The bees prefer them to the rest.)
That star they say, the reddish one,
Would make a thousand like our sun.
The name escapes me but I knew.
(The sky's e'en fairest when it's blue.)

At night-time as I lie asleep
Beneath the far vast heaven, where
The stars look down and blink and peep,
Sweet dreams of you steal o'er me,— creep
Within my heart and nestle there,
Sweet visions I would like to keep,
They seem so wond'rous fair;
But, oh despair!
If I but move,
They vanish in the air.

Because I grieved that she was far away
My Julia wrote to me the other day,
Suggesting we exchange — she come to where
I'm dwelling now, and I take her place there.
Yes, and this from the Julia I call mine;—
But that's not all — she adds another line
To say, that she's expecting "Al" that way.
And "Oh, won't that be fine!"
Yes, and this from the Julia I call mine.
And Julia can, it seems, crochet —
Altho' she spells the word croquet,
But it's not fair to so malign
This little girl that I call mine.
I'm sorry I was such a brute —
I'll tell you of her bathing suit,
She says she made it all herself,
"Its so good looking"— little elf —
How else could bathing suits appear
When worn by her — too good I fear.
She's working now with shears and thread
To make a linen dress, she said,
A dress of pink; with scallops too,
'Twill well become her eyes of blue.
If only "Al" were not so near,
I wish she'd come and wear it here.
And so she proves (just what I knew)
She's just a woman, thru and thru,
And that's the reason, I opine,
I'm fond of calling Julia, mine.

My Treasures, for I hold them such,
My thoughts of you, a smile, a touch,
The friendly little way you had
Of greeting me, as tho' so glad,
The face you made in fun one day,
When someone whispered — just in play.
My memories — they are scarcely much,
But treasures,— for I hold them such.

I left, she gave a rose to me,
She smiled and dimpled charmingly,
And oh, her eyes were wonderful,
She never seemed more lovable.
The background of the fading day
Was streaked with red, you've seen the way,
But could I make you see her too,—
The smile, the dimple, eyes so blue,—
The picture would be etched so fine
That every feature, every line,
Would last as long as life remained.
But then I left, you say,— and gained?
Ah, well, however that may be,
I have the rose — and memory.

H. O. B.

To _____

I

Gentle, loving and sincere —
What more, I ask, wants any man?
Fond memories will oft endear
You to me, as the years I span.

II

Some said you were not what I saw;
Reviled your gentleness to me;
Hoped I soon would find the flaw
They attributed to thee.

III

You have some faults, I will admit;
But still — how strange! — for some I love you;
To alter them a little bit
Would mean that you'd be far above me.

IV

But why, these years have you neglected
Me, your friend. Am I to blame?
'Tis true, another has detected
The charms I found and failed to claim.

V

A chance gone by! I sometimes wonder
If, in years to come, will I
Curse myself for this sad blunder,
When for your gentle arms I sigh.

M. C. S.

We were two little leaves on the self same tree,
And you were the nearest and dearest to me,
And we danced in the breezes as little leaves do,
And whispered together as glad as could be,
'Till you were whirled fluttering — where, no one
knew.

But I tugged and I pulled 'till the wind caught me
too,
And down from the tree I slipped quickly to you.

We were two little clouds and we swept the blue sky,
As thru the blue heaven we sailed, you and I;
And the sunbeams glanced gold from your outflying
hair,

But a wicked grey mountain that rose up so high
Turned your warmth into mist and left me in despair;
Far I searched thru the heaven and all thru the air,
'Till I last tried the ocean and found you were there.

We were two little birds and we built our nest
In a great elm tree by the hill sides crest;
And when there was storm and the north wind blew,
And the great limbs bent as they swayed and
pressed,

We snuggled so closely there — just we two,—
So cozy were we, that we scarcely knew,
In our wee little nest, how the north wind blew.

We were two little rabbits and made our home
At the edge of a field, in the briars and loam,
And all the night long in the lanes of corn
We nibbled and frisked in the moonlit gloam;
'Till the scent of the hounds on the breeze was born,
And we scampered away thru the early morn,
To our snug little home near the field of corn.

H. O. B.

I

I asked her why
 She laughed at me,
 And then she laughed,
 Maliciously;
 Thro' half closed eyes
 She peeped at me,
 And laughed and laughed,
 Deliciously.
 And why she laughed,
 I could not say,
 But only —
 That's a woman's way.

3

Her rippling laughter
 Taunted so,
 I held and would
 Not let her go;
 In wrath I kissed her,
 Heard her sigh;
 A tear drop glistened
 In her eye.
 And why she cried
 I could not say,
 But only —
 That's a woman's way.

2

I said that she
 Would break my heart,
 She turned from me
 As tho to part,
 And hardly deigned
 To look at me
 But answered laughing,
 Wickedly;
 And why she laughed,
 I could not say,
 But only —
 That's a woman's way.

H. O. B.

Meditation

Ah, how wonderful you are,
Dear,— your little head at rest
There, so charmingly in the nest
Of your arm; no frown to mar
The tenderness of eyes, in quest
Now, only of distance far.

Did I disturb you? No . . .
Your tho'ts still linger there, . . .
So near I could touch your hair, . . .
How queer life is!— for tho'
My lips touched yours, as they ne'er
Could, you're distant, even so.

H. O. B.

In Her Eyes

I

Into her eyes,
I long to gaze
Into her eyes —
I'll sing their praise.
Escape I try,
As from a hook;
Just can't tell why,
I'm bound to look
Into her eyes.

II

Into her eyes,
When I looked first
Into her eyes —
Was I bless'd or curst?
My passion rose;
My tho'ts were tossed;
My reason froze;
My soul was lost
In her eyes.

III

In her eyes,
I scrutinize
To find what lies
Within those eyes.
What color they?
I never knew;—
Sometimes seem grey
And sometimes blue —
Her changing eyes.

IV

In her eyes,
I love to dwell
In her eyes.
What is the spell?
Is this where —
Against my will —
Fate lays the snare;
My cup to fill,
In her eyes?

V

Yet in her eyes,
Still I do live;
And for those eyes
Must I achieve.
Ask me not why —
A wasted breath!—
Now must I die
If order come
From those eyes.

VI

In her dear eyes,
 Those limpid spheres,
 In her two eyes
 My joys and tears
 Eternally will rest.
 Let come what will;
 To me they're best!—
 Trust I all still
 To her eyes.

VII

In her eyes
 That live for me!
 Those wanton eyes
 Enhance for me
 The joy of life
 In this sad world;
 It softens strife
 This light that's curled
 Within her eyes.

VIII

In her eyes,
 Why do I live?
 Such roaming eyes!
 What reason give?
 The hope I have
 Is not for thee;—
 How can you see
 The bit of mystery
 Tucked in her eyes!

IX

Into her eyes,
At my call;
Into her eyes,
Are mingl'd all:
The sky's own blue,
A sunbeam's ray,
Fresh shimmery dew
Of morn in May,
Moon's dancing light
On liquid night;
A gleam of hope
To lead me right!

* * * *

Surely I'm bless'd,
For God has given
This little glimpse
Of His own heaven
In her eyes.

M. C. S.

To a Lady Who Promised the Poet Her Photograph

I did have her picture,
'Twas here in my mind;
I tho't it a fixture
There safe, but I find
The picture escapes me,
And so I forget;
I know she'll forgive me,
It's long since we've met.

I know she'll forgive me,
It's long since we've met,
The color escapes me,
I seem to forget
If her eyes were of blue,
For I can't think at all;
I'm sure that I knew
It, I just can't recall.

She did have a dimple,
I'm quite sure of that,
'Twould seem as simple
As scales in one flat;
But was it the left cheek?—
I can't quite recall,
My memory's so weak
I can't think at all.

And was her smile charming,
Her hair thick and brown?
It's very alarming —
I puzzle and frown.
But all I remember,
As hard as I try,
They kindled an ember
Then left it to die.

H. O. B.

To _____

I

I ask for words with which to tell
The tenderness I feel t'ward thee;
But I am mute — What is the spell
That dumbs me, in your proximity?

II

When far *away*, I've much to *say*;
When near — I can't tell why —
My mind's so charmed,— you little *fay* —
My tho'ts *they lay* right down and die.

III

I've often had a little praise
Right on my lips — to *say* seemed easy —
But just one look from your calm eyes,
What is it, *pray?* — my brain grew dizzy.

IV

Do you wish me to be quiet;
Don't you like my flattery;
Or, pleased to have my brain run riot,
Smile behind your hand at me.

V

At any rate, I'll hover near you,
To wait my chance — these words seem
tame —
But you must know whatever *you do*
My tenderness will be the same.

M. C. S.

All Are One

I

The universe with all its starry hosts,
The sun with all the planets which she boasts,
The earth and its unnumbered ghosts,
Are one.

II

The mountain with its rugged peak,
The plain down which the waters seek,
The sea, in which all seems to speak:
“We are one.”

III

The years of longing just for you,
The days of sighing, ever new,
The moments of love were all too few,
When love began.

IV

But now the water, earth and sky,
The years of longing, days of sigh,
Are one;— Ah, love don't fly!
Now we are one.

M. C. S.

Clear as Pool on Mountain High

I

Clear as pool on mountain high,
Blue as sky in mid-July,
Is the love-light in your eye.

II

Sweet as song when birds rejoice,
Gentle as note from paradise,
Is the love-tone of your voice.

III

Soothing as when the warm rain showereth.
Sweeter than when roses flowereth.
Is the love-warmth of your breath.

IV

Firm as is the moistened sand,
Tender, trustful,— you understand!
Is the love-touch from your hand.

M. C. S.

To Sylvia

I

Sylvia, when I look into your childish face,
Methinks I see the kind of elf
That skips about the fir-tree's base,
And apes and mimics his own self.

II

Your eyes, they dance, so full of glee;
Then suddenly they sink to rest;
To follow what I think you see
Is far too much for me, at best.

III

Your nose, a shapely little pug,
I'd like to steal — Upon my word!
I'm sure t'would make a nice, soft bug
To feed to some deserving bird.

IV

Your mouth's a little rosebud fat,
As sweet as any flow'r that blows;
And when you smile from 'neath your hat,
Your teeth peep out in tiny rows.

V

I guess you're just a little witch,
Who loves to flirt, to laugh, to dance.
To peep from ev'ry shado'y niche;
To fret, to sulk, to pout, but finally, entrance.

M. C. S.

When sister's beau
Comes over here,
They will not play with me.
I do not know
Why they should go
And whisper secretly.

They say that I
Would make a third
And two is company.
I don't see why
'Tis always I
Who must be number three.

The little birds
Each have a mate,
They sing so happily.
There are no thirds
Among the birds
That live in our elm tree.

Strange, is it not,
In all the world,
Where all should happy be,
If God forgot
One little tot,
And made no one for me.

H. O. B.

If I Could Sing

If I could sing,
The harmony of Orpheus would I bring
With songs of birds in early Spring;
I'd make the world with gladness ring,
And to your ear my song would wing. . . .
If I could sing.

If I could write,
Such lyrics, as of old, a Knight
Would to some lady fair recite
When Romance burned with love and fight,
And ladies sav'd from fearful plight;
When honor, love and passion white
Smote the heart of every wight;
Made all their lady's charms recite:
All . . . in a tender missive I'd unite
And send to you, some moonlit night,
If I could write.

If I could dance
Like Nymph and Satyr used to prance
In golden days of yore, perchance
My art would thus, you too, entrance,
And win, perhaps, a gracious glance,
If I could dance.

If I could paint
The glories of your hair, the faint
Flush that tints your cheek, dear saint,
I'd paint your likeness, and the world acquaint
With all your charms, without a taint —
If I could paint.

If I could live
The way I wish — so primitive —
From Modernness, a fugitive.
One more demand!— if you're inquisitive —
And that's for you, my mate responsive —
Then I could live!

M. C. S.

My Dream Maid

I

As I sit here dreaming — dreaming —
Slowly, dear, I see thee coming
Forming there among the shadows,
Which bedim my study-room.

II

A vision only?— I oft' wonder —
Sometimes think I hear you singing,
Singing, Ah! so softly, softly,
From the shadows of my room.

III

If I shut my eyes to listen,
Still your form appears before me,
Like a Dryad, or a Niad,
Or a Grecian maid of yore.

IV

But, alas, I ne'er can reach you;
Never touch you, never kiss you;
Yet I know that you'll be faithful,
Loyal to me ever-more.

V

Faithful to me, ever-faithful,
After friends of earth have fled;
Soothing me with loving missives;
Tender Dream-Maid! You I'll wed!

M. C. S.

Helping Cupid

Desiring to make his bondage known,
To tell his tho'ts, his love to own;
He valued too highly not to fear;
His words were not worthy of one so dear;
Until in the last extremity
The plan took shape, he came to me.
Are not two better than one head is?
Mine are the words, the tho'ts are his.

Altho' thru another's eyes I see,
Many, I know, your charms must be;
My friend is no silly, bashful boy
To worship every maiden coy,
But a man of the world, with mind, a tongue;
Not one to be silent when praise is sung;
And he vows that when he thinks of you
All words fail him, or are too few.

How wonderful fair is a rose in it's prime,
But even more lovely at one other time;
The bud that knows nothing of life is sweet
But the homage and worship of nations greet
The flower that gives promise and proof as well;
Fresh open petals of fragrance that tell
Of a happiness for which men yearn;
Blessed is he who such bliss can earn.

H. O. B.

A Chance Meeting

So shy a smile
 Betrayed her lips
 And curled the tips;
'Twas but a wile
She knew the while,
 The fly that sips.

And when her eyes,
 That wandered past,
 Met mine at last,
I felt the dyes
Of crimson rise;
 My heart beat fast.

'Twas just a glance . . .
 You'd think I'm sure
 That time would cure,
But still the trance,
The tho'ts enhance,
 And still they lure.

H. O. B.

Music and laughter,
Summer Night,
Faster and faster,
They dance so light,
Winding in and out they go,
Circling round about they flow,
So entrancing,
Happy smiles,
Tender glancing,
Youthful wiles,
And as I watch the happy throng,
Listen to their laughter long,
Happiness is all about
And all is happiness without.

H. O. B.

Jealousy

My anxious tho'ts allow no rest,
They say, I'm pale and worn;
My heart is red with bleeding,
Where it touched a rose-bud's thorn;
They say my cheeks are hollow
And reveal but lean cheek bones;
For I've been bruised and crushed
As wheat
Between revolving stones;
Oh, tell me, Julia, tell me,
For I half-believe it so —
Oh, do not, do not tell me,
I do not want to know.
Oh, tell me, Julia, tell me,
For I'm sure that it is true,
Oh, do not — do not tell me,
Oh, if I only knew!

H. O. B.

The Stars were gleaming brightly
And the moon was large and full,
The music reached me lightly,
Of a softly thumbed guitar;
A softly thumbed guitar
And a Ukulele's moan,
The plunk of soft guitar
And the mournful rising tone.

They filled my heart with longing,
With grief and wild despair,
And bitter thoughts came thronging,
It seemed I scarce could bear;
But the sound of soft guitar
And the Ukulele's moan
Rose again in harmony,
A sweetly mournful tone.

A vision came before me
And near me seemed to float,
And something rose within me
And fluttered in my throat;
But the sound of soft guitar
And the Ukulele's moan
Rose in tuneful harmony,
A sweetly mournful tone.

A thousand fair forms haunted me,
And all had eyes of blue;
A thousand seraphs daunted me,
All — but the one I knew;
*But the sound of soft guitar
And from Ukulele drawn,
Rose again in harmony
And all the forms were gone.*

The night winds whispered sadly
As they rustled thru the trees;
My heart was throbbing madly,
And madly swayed the trees;
*But the sound of soft guitar
And the Ukulele's moan
Had stilled their mournful harmony,
And left me more alone.*

H. O. B.

In the Chill of the Autumn Night

I

In the chill of the Autumn night,
When the first cold wind comes whistling down,
Tearing frail leaves from the helpless trees;
Our bodies shiver, all affright:

We knew the summer had gone;
Yet, unprepared, this sudden bitterness our minds
confound,
As we are driven from the paths of ease.

II

In the chill of the Winter's night,
When snow mantles earth with a heavy coat,
Weighing all down with conquering force,
We, accordingly, give up the fight:

And, resigning ourselves to life's duties, by rote,
Wait patiently for Spring and the Robin's note,
And, when Summer comes, are seldom the worse.

III

In the chill of the Autumn of Love,
When the first cold word has been carelessly said,
Tearing the heart with a wound that won't heal,
Comes a trembling to reprove;—

And, haughty in the defence we feel,—
Find that Love is dead —

And, under the burden of a broken heart, we reel.

IV

In the chill of the Winter after Love,
When, retreating, we try to withstand the strain,
With indifferent senses we gaze on the World
about:—

And within, the Soul lies numb!

Let us remember that another Spring will come
To relieve us of our pain,

And our broken heart will heal thruout.

M. C. S.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 604 837 4